

OXFORD

Democrat.

NO. 39, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1849.

OLD SERIES, NO. 47, VOLUME 17.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
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C. W. ELLIOTT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS,
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the Daily Advertiser Office, Boston, is our Agent
for the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and
Baltimore.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

EDUCATION.

REPORT
OR
SCHOOL APPARATUS,
Delivered before The Oxford Teacher's Association,
Jan. 5th, 1849.

The Committee to whom was entrusted the
subject of School Apparatus, has had the same
under consideration, and hereby submits to the
Association for its action, the following Report:

Your committee finds that there is a great, almost a universal, lack of Apparatus in our Primary Schools. In some few schools there is a little, of no great importance, however, and seldom used; but generally, in filling out the School Register, the teacher may, with propriety, return under the head of Apparatus, "myself and black-board," since these two articles seem all that are considered necessary in explaining to pupils truths, that are presented about as clearly as so many *Virginia* *Virginia*, and that, being abstractedly received, are abstractedly remembered.

There is an absolute need of suitable Apparatus in every District School. Teachers must have helps in teaching, and scholars must have helps to study. Mind is to be awakened. The young attention is to be aroused, and it kept exercised—to be continued in life, till it has strength to go alone, and take care of itself. The teacher may do this orally, without the aid of diagrams or visible illustrations, but his would be much like the labor of Sisyphus, condemned, as poors fable, to forever roll a vast rock up a hill—a never ending, still beginning toil; for, as soon as it reached the summit, it rolled back again down to the plain."

The teacher should be distinguished by the implements of his profession, which are requisite to render him a practical worker, a real benefactor, a utilitarian of the highest order. When furnishes himself with these he will be much more efficient, which an appreciating public must perceive, and will not fail to abundantly reward.

make learning so attractive, that his scholars will take it to without any other than "moral suasion."

Young minds first become acquainted with form or figure in its many relations, and with these it can be kept longest interested. They wish to learn things and the uses of things, rather than mere words. Words they should learn, but only as expressive of, and in connection with

Resolutions, read the following, which were severally adopted:

Resolved, "That it is the object of this Association to reform the character, and elevate the standard of our Common Schools.

Resolved, That teachers have a right to expect the co-operation of parents in the performance of their arduous duties.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to the teachers of this County, to use their greatest endeavors to induce parents and guardians to make frequent visits to Schools.

Resolved, That the inconveniences of the School Room are among the greatest obstacles with which the teacher has to contend.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the several members of this association to make all laudable efforts to attend its regular meetings.

Resolved, That the time teachers spend in attending the County Associations should be allowed them by the members of their several Districts."

The following question was adopted for discussion at the next meeting—

Resolved, "That Emulation should be encouraged, as a means of instruction, in Common Schools."

Voted unanimously, That the sincere thanks of this Association be presented those citizens, who have liberally and kindly extended to its members attending the present meeting, the hospitalities of this Village.

Voted to adjourn. E. P. HINDS, Sec.

Poetry.

[From the Boston Post.]

Sonnet.—"Tis Bitter Cold.

New Winter has come, and earth's wan cheek,
With the white snow profusely spread, as I were

Lattered to ease the sheer, sharp edge of bleak
Old Boreas's barbous blast on plain and peak.

The cloud that free and gorgous erst did soar,
Now low-bounding, still entwines, and shuns

Teat of the frosty, white, white, white;

It stealthy now sweet warmth we shall forget.

The keen white air so chilleth every thing;

Ah no, beneath this snowy coverlet

The rosy Summer sleeps, and with a Spring

Shall up ere while, and to the sun will set.

It's silent till all the dole sing. D.

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Boston Journal.]

THE NEWSPAPER.

The old farm-house wore a quiet, pleasant look, as the setting sun gilded its small windows, over which the luxuriant grape vines were carefully trained.

In the open door sat the farmer, with a little moreover-covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the last half hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account books, which were kept with scrupulous care, he always set down in this little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses, (no very complicated account, by the way,) and all he received during the year, in the real metal; as he said, "not by the way of trade."

This last account he had just reckoned up, and the result was highly satisfactory; if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face as he turned to his wife, and addressed her.

"Millicent," said he, "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought when we moved on to this place, twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred a year out of the rocky, barren farm."

"It does pay for a good deal of hard work, said she, "to see how different things look from what they did then."

"Now I'm going to figure up how much we've spent," said Mr. Heath; "don't make up a noise with your knitting needles, 'cause it puts me out."

His wife laid down her knitting in perfect good humor, and gazed out over the broad, rich fields of waving grain which grew so tall around the laden apple-trees that they looked like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her own name thus kindly spoken, led her thoughts far back the past; for after the lapse of twenty-five years the simple sound of the name she bore in youth means more to a wife than all the pining epithets of dearest, love, and darling, so lavishly uttered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was this retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had on it some rough places, and some hard trials, yet no remorseful strife or discontent marred its sunny aspect. There were smiling faces on it—happy children's faces, with which no life picture is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded gladness, and wavy hair floated carelessly over untroubled foreheads. She forgot for a moment what confused, and his quotation varied slightly from the scriptural phrase "keepers at home," but it says too, he added, with the true conscience of a sincere man, "that husbands must set great store by their wives and treat 'em well, I won't scold Millicent; I'll harness up and go after her to-night, and comin' home I'll talk it over with her, and tell her how bad it makes me feel; and if that don't do it—I'll try something else."

In accordance with this praiseworthy resolution, he might have been seen about sunset hitching his horse at Mr. Brown's door; for strangely enough, Mrs. Heath's visits had all been made in the same place. Going up to the door he stopped in amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen just taking off a great woolen washapron and putting down sleeves which had been rolled up as if for washing. He listened and heard her say, as she took some money from Mrs. Brown, "It won't be so that I can do your washing again."

The now harness suggested Mrs. H. "That doesn't come every year, you know."

"Well, there's twenty dollars accounted for."

"We had the carriage fitted up when you brought the harness," continued his wife.

"Well, that was eight dollars, that's twenty-

eight dollars that we don't spend every year;

but the other two,—where can they have gone?"

Gleaming his eyes hastily over the pages of the memorandum book, he continued; "I'll tell you what 'tis, the newspaper costs just two dollars,

and we can do without it. It's not anything to

committees to procure some one to deliver the customary address.

A Dissertation was now read by the Secretary, written by a lady, a member of the Association. Subject, "The Teacher's Reward." A vote of thanks was presented the writer, with a request that she furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Mr. Eveleth, chairman of committee on Resolutions, read the following, which were severally adopted:

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eat, or drink, or wear. I don't do anything with it, and you only lay it away up chamber. It may as well be left out as not, and I'll stop my subscription right away."

"Oh! said the wife, "you don't know how much I set by the newspaper. I always have a sort of glad feeling when I see you take it out of your hat and lay it on the kitchen mantelpiece, just as I do when some of the children come home. And when I'm tired, sit down with my knitting work and read, (I can knit just as fast when I am reading,) and feel so contented. I don't believe Queen Victoria herself takes more solid comfort than I do, sitting by the east window of a summer afternoon, reading my newspaper."

"But you'd be just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of anything wiser to say.

"I never neglect anything else for my reading, do I?" asked Mrs. Heath, mildly.

"No, I don't know as you do," answered her husband, "but it seems to me an extra like; I shall stop it," he added, in a tone that showed plainly enough he wished to stop the conversation.

"I shall take the paper," remarked his wife, "I have to go out washing to pay for it."

This was not spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her usual quiet as "you think best," that he actually stopped a moment to consider whether it was at all likely she would do as she said. Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that indefinite description is generally understood; that is, he did not beat his wife, and always gave her enough to eat. More than this, he had a certain regard for her happiness which made him already feel half ashamed of his decision, but like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he could not bear to retract it, and so he stopped a moment to consider whether it was at all likely she would do as she said.

However, with a commendable wish to remove her unhappiness, he suggested that as the papers were carefully saved, and she had found them interesting, she could read 'em all over again, beginning at January, and taking one a week clear through the year—they would just come out even, he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that she should do so.

Notwithstanding this admirable proposition, he still felt some uneasiness. It followed him as he walked up the pleasant lane to the pasture, and it made him speak more sharply than was his wont, if the cows stopped while he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it looked greenest, and sweetest on the sunny slope. It troubled him till he heard his wife call him to supper in such a cheerful tone that he concluded she did not care much about the newspaper after all.

About a week after this, as Mr. Heath was moving one morning, he was surprised to see his wife come out, dressed as if for a visit. "I'm going," said she, "to spend the day with Mrs. Brown—I've left plenty for you to eat." And so saying, she walked rapidly on.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself "she don't go visitin' to stay all day once in a year hardly, and its strange she should go in daytime."

Very long the day seemed to him; to go for luncheon, dinner, and supper and have nobody to speak to; to find everything so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual, he thought; the brood of chickens that were almost always peeping round the door, had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet; he even missed the busy click of the knitting needles that was often put him out so, when he was doing any figuring. "I'm glad," he said to himself, "you do not know, perhaps, what it is to look upon your fellow men—those who now in their might look down upon you—and to feel that you must and will dominate over them, to know that the day shall come, in which those who now tower above you shall cringe and fawn at your feet—fawn for the very favors that now they dare deny you; you do not know this, perhaps, and the color sank gradually from the cheek of the girl, leaving it an ashy paleness as she went on, but I have known it and felt it from my earliest childhood. Ever since I have known what it was to think or feel, I have thirsted for dominion over others, and have felt that the time would come, I knew not when or how, that this passion of my life would find its reality. These hopes grew to palpability; and now I ask, must this passion I have so nurtured from my infancy, be crushed forever?"

The youth reclosed her door, and lay down upon the road at sunset, 'till the crash of the door broken in from without, startled him to his senses, and he leaped from his bed just as the flames were rolling and flashing through the room, and upon the instant the bed curtains caught, and his wife and child were enveloped in flames!

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OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GOLD INTELLIGENCE.

From the Union.

Extract of a letter from Thomas O. Larkin Esq., late consul, and now agent of the United States, to the Secretary of State, dated at Monterey, Nov. 16th, 1848; and received in this city on Friday evening last.

"The digging and washing for gold continues to increase on the Sacramento placer, so far as regards the number of persons engaged in the business, and the size and quantity of metal daily obtained. I have had in my hands several pieces of gold,—about twenty three carats fine, weighing from one to two pounds, and have it from good authority that pieces have been found weighing sixteen pounds. Indeed, I have heard of one specimen that weighed twenty-five pounds. There are many men at the placer, who in June last had not one hundred dollars, now in possession of from five to twenty thousand dollars, which they made by digging gold and trading with the Indians. Several, I believe have made more.

A common calico shirt, or even a silver dollar, has been taken by an Indian for gold, without regard to size; and a half to one ounce of gold—say \$300. \$16 per Troy ounce for all the purposes of commerce, and those who are under the necessity of raising money to pay debts to the government are obliged to accept from \$10 to \$11 per ounce. All the gold in California is likely to be locked up in the custom house, as the last tariff of our Congress is in force here in regard to the receipt of money.

"Could you know the value of the California placer as I know it, you would think you had been instrumental in obtaining a most splendid purchase for our country, to put no other construction on the late treaty.

"The placer is known to be two or three hundred miles long; and discoveries are constantly being made, it may prove 1,000 miles in length. In fact, it is not counting the intermediate miles yet unexplored. From five to ten millions of gold must be our export this and next year. How many more years this state of things will continue, I cannot say.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Extract from letter No. 24, October 25, 1848.

From Commodore Jones to the honorable Secretary of the Navy.

"Nothing, sir, can exceed the deplorable state of things in all Upper California at this time, growing out of the moldering effects of the gold mania. I am sorry to say that even in this squadron some of the officers are a little tainted, and have manifested restlessness under moderate restrictions imperiously demanded by the exigencies of the times, as you will perceive by the enclosed paper, addressed to three of the lieutenants.

I am, however, happy to say that I have not been disappointed in the good effects of the means employed to prevent desertion, and to maintain order in the squadron, as but one desertion has taken place since the rush of gold from this ship, on the evening of the 18th inst., and that the views and opinions of the few officers who were sceptical as to the right or efficacy of the means employed to prevent offences and to punish crime have undergone a most favorable change, whereby I shall be enabled to keep on this coast until the whirlwind of anarchy and confusion confounded is superseded by the establishment of some legal government potent enough to enforce law and to prevent life and property, which at this time is in great jeopardy everywhere outside our bulwarks."

FLAG SHIP OHIO,

Bay of Monterey, Nov. 1, 1848.

SIR: By Lieutenant Linnan, who left here on the 25th ult., in the ship "Izak Walton," for the coast of Peru, we expected to intercept the Panama steamer I forwarded several communications acquainting you with my movements up to that date, which I hope you will receive early and that they may prove satisfactory.

The enclosed extract from my last letter (No. 31) will convey the unpleasant tidings of the utter prostration of all law and order in our California possessions, brought about by the extraordinary developments of gold in this vicinity.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

THOS. A. P. C. JONES,

Commander-in-chief U. S. naval forces,

Pacific Ocean.

Hon. J. Y. MASON,

Secretary of the Navy.

FLAG SHIP OHIO, BAY OF MONTEREY, NOV. 36.]

November 2, 1848.

SIR: In my letter No. 24, from La Paz, I recommended the retention on this coast of cruising ships of the Pacific squadron, and pointed out how they could be kept in repair and maintained without returning Cape Horn to the Atlantic States. When that recommendation was made, I had no conception of the state of things in Upper California as at present, and I fear for years to come, it will be impossible for the U. S. to maintain any naval or military establishment in California as at present, no hope of reward nor fear of punishment is sufficient to make binding any contract between man and man upon the soil of California.

To send troops out here would be needless, for they would immediately desert. To show what chance there is for apprehending deserters, I enclose an advertisement which had been widely circulated for a fortnight, but without bringing in a single deserter. Among the deserters from the squadron are some of the best officers and seamen, having but few months to serve, and large balances due them amounting in the aggregate to over ten thousand dollars.

There is a great deficiency of coin in the country and especially in the mines; the traders, by taking advantage of the pressing necessity of the digger not unfrequently compelling him to sell his ounce of good gold for a silver dollar; and it has been bought under like circumstances for forty cents per ounce, of Indians. To this state of dependence laboring miners are now subjected, and must be until there is more abundant—Disease, congestive and intermittent fever, is making great havoc among the diggers, as they are almost destitute of food and raiment, and for most part, without houses of any kind to protect them from the inclement season now at hand.

The commerce of this coast may be said to be entirely cut off by desertion. No sooner does a merchant ship arrive in any of the ports of California than all hands leave her; in some instances

captain, cook, and all. At this moment, there are a number of merchant ships thus abandoned at San Francisco, and such will be the fate of all that subsequently arrive. The master of the ship "Izak Walton," that brought stores to the squadron to this port offers, without success \$50 per month to Callao and thence \$20 per month home, to disbanded volunteers, not seamen. We were obliged at last to supply him with four men whose terms of service were drawing to a close.

* * * * *

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

THOS. A. P. C. JONES,

Commander-in-chief Pacific squadron.

Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy.

WATER DEPARTMENT.

MONTEREY, CAL. Oct. 23, 1848.

GENERAL: I arrived here on the 18th inst. from San Diego, and have paid the four companies of the 1st New York regiment in full, and they have all started for the gold mines. The other companies composing the command of the Cal. Battalion are now here, and will be quartered not to-day or to-morrow, and paid by Major Hill immediately, as the residents are extremely anxious to get rid of them; they have the place in their power. Nearly all the men in company "F" 31st artillery have deserted.

We have the Ohio, Warren, Dale, Lexington and Southampton in port; but they cannot load a man, they desert as soon as they set foot on shore. The only thing the ships could do in case of an outbreak would be to fire upon the town. The volunteers at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, &c., behaved very well—no murmuring or difficulties of kind with them they complained that they were not allowed travelling allowances.

The funds from Mazatlan have at last reached here; the amount is \$130,000. It arrived very opportunity, as we have expended nearly all we had.

The amount is a great deal more than will be required, as there are at present but two companies in California, one of the 1st dragoons, the other of ad. artillery; the latter reduced to mere skeletons by desertion, and the former in a fair way to share the same fate. I should suppose \$50,000 would be sufficient to pay the present force (provided the companies are filled up) for a year. The transmission notes are good for nothing now; bills on the United States could not be negotiated on any terms. Gold dust can be purchased for eight or ten dollars the ounce, and it is said to be worth \$18 in the United States, consequently all remittances are made in it.

Col. Mason, and most of the army officers are at Fort Scott. Commodore Jones thinks it is very imprudent to bring the public funds on shore, except in such sums as may be required for immediate use. He does not like to leave a ship here, on account of the difficulty of keeping the men.

The gold fever rages as bad as ever, and the quantity collected has not diminished but increased.

Provisions, clothing, and all the necessities of life are at most exorbitant prices.

Living was always expensive in this country, but now it passes all reason—board four dollars per day, washing five or six dollars per dozen. Merchants' clerks are receiving from 1,800 to 3,000 dollars per annum salary! What the government will do for civil officers, I do not know. Salaries will have to correspond with the times. The pay of governors, judges, &c., as allowed in the United States, will hardly compare with that paid to salesmen and shop clerks here.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obd^r servt,

WILLIAM RICH, A. P. U. S. A.

Gen. N. TOWSON, Paymaster Gen. U. S. A.

Washington, D. C.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

We find in the Boston Atlas an interesting communication from a correspondent in the copper mine region of Lake Superior. One of them details some remarkable discoveries which have been recently made a few miles interior from the mouth of the Ontonagon river:

A large mass of native copper, the weight estimated at seven tons, was found in the loose ground. A vast amount of labor had been expended upon it. Every inch of it had been hatched and hammered over, and attempts had been made to pit it up, and play it on a platform. All this is the labor of a race of beings skill manifested by the present race of Indians, and yet the Indians are too ignorant to be those of white men. Many foots of large stone hammers are found buried a foot or two in the surface.

They are so abundant that in stoning up a cellar it was found more convenient to use them than to blow them out. Huckleberry trees, two feet in diameter, an iron-cannulation, two and three hundred years old, are growing over the surface of this world. Felled, defatted, melted and driven from power, under every name which they could assume, this party at last undertook to deny its own existence, while exerting its skill with an energy never surpassed, to consolidate its ranks and to perpetuate its existence. It exists not *per se*; and in that it seeks the destruction of the democratic party, and the triumph of its own. "No party" is the motto not unfrequently inscribed on the standard of the federal military, and wherever you will slay a man with the word in his mouth, we will slay you a man that figures at the head, or dangles at the tail of the most invertebrate party that ever existed.

But that non-committal policy can no longer deceive the people. The policy by which a man must be guided now is *honesty*—the only kind that can long succeed in this day of shuffling and increasing knowledge. In the most frank and fearless manner he must lay his views on all absorbing topics and measures which agitate the people, before the world—no playing and loose—no skulking behind some miserable subterfuge—no mystery of concealment—no change of names; but calmly and dispassionately, with the many tone of various independence, that characterizes every honest man, he must fully and explicitly declare his political doctrines. This course will win him the friendship of all whose good opinion is in the least degree valuable. A powerful平原 will cover all points with the impenetrable armor of truth and equal justice, and protect him in his efforts against partial legislation, inequality, and monopoly. If Gen. Taylor proves himself an independent party man, we shall respect him, for his need not prevent him from administering the government for the good of the Nation.

SPRING A TURK TO THE TURKES.

A Turk was publicly beheaded at Constantinople on the 10th ult. for the crime of having a slave.

Mr. Clough signally distinguished himself some three years ago by recapturing his ship from the

gold excise. The *Knickerbocker Journal*

states that Capt. Cloughson of Mr. Asa Clough, of Monmouth in Kennebec county, who is in command of a whale ship out of New Bedford, has been into San Francisco and writes to us

that he has got his gold enough and is coming home.

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POETRY.

The Poor Man's Doings.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH E. NEWELL.

Oh, what were the pride of the rich man's gold,
Up the earth in each untiled road,
Were it not for the rough, hard-handled poor
Who toil for their daily food.

Whatever of labor the rich man needs,
From the poor man's hand must come,
From the cradle rare of the new-born heir,
To the coffin and sepulchre tomb.

The poor man sways the settler's axe,
Till the forests for refuge,
And the city springs on its phoenix wings
O'er the brands of the log-house fire.

He bathes the earth with iron roads,
And the steaming-fod courses guides;
And fearlessly he drives the steeds of the sea
Wherever the rich man rides.

He tills the plain till the ripened grain
Is safe in the garner stored,
And with rife and spade he hastes the fare
That smokes on the rich man's board.

He twirls the costly ripes of pride,
And beneath the stately dome;
And cleaves from the cold the marble god
That stands in the rich man's home.

The guide of beauty, the work of art,
Whatever your wealth hath bought—
Nay—the very gold that your fathers hold—
The poor man hath wrought.

Then health to the rude and thrifty poor,
And honor them everywhere;
They 'mid the tumult, earn the wages of toil,
As your fathers did before.

And think the reward of labor is health,
That wealth is industry's friend;
That change is earth's law, and soon the sea-saw
May rise at the poor man's end.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF THE SABBATH. The Sabbath is God's gracious present to a world, and for wearied minds and bodies it is the grand restorative. The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers, rest, and fever, delirium, and death come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hours of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker, the man of business, or the man of letters, finds his ideas becoming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker, the artisan, the engineer—toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted, and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch mould dead matter, or wield mechanical power; but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humor sour, and slaving till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling he must stand indubitably to opium or alcohol. To an industrious population, so essential is the periodic rest, that when the attempt was made in France to abolish the weekly Sabbath, it was found necessary to issue a decree suspending labor one day in every ten. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced, as the week drew near a close, just because the tact, alertness, and energy of the workers began to experience inevitable exhaustion. When a steamer on the Thames blew up, a few months ago, the firemen and stokers laid the blame on their broken Sabbath; it stupefied and embittered them, made them blunder at their work, and heedless what havoc those blunders might create. And we have been informed that when the engines of an extensive steam-packet company, in the South of England, were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was instantly repaired by giving the men what the bounty of our Creator had given them long before, the rest of each seventh day. And what is so essential to industrial efficiency, is no less indispensable to the laborer's health and longevity. [North British Review.]

A BAD DISPOSITION. The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people; the best thing is to amend our own; and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. A bad temper will always fire itself out, if it find no one to resent it; and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Insensibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—soul, spirits, melancholy, indifference, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontented, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence and despair—are very injurious to enjoyment in life. And every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution, may be overcome.

WRITE IT IN GOLD. "The great comprehensive truths," says President Quincy, "written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue, none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

A WARNING. A respectable female named Leighton, of Great Malvern, England, has been sentenced to seven years' transportation for stealing an umbrella!

Such a law would not do in America. It would sweep away half the population.

GOLD MADE TO ORDER. We understand that splendid specimens of California Gold are being manufactured in this city out of brass fittings and sand! It is intended to take out some of these specimens to San Francisco, to master with greenhorns from the "States" on their first arrival in those "diggings."—Albany Express.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand.

"I have got a feeling of what you mean, replied the boy.

TOO MUCH LAND.

Why do so many of our farmers complain that they find farming poor, and unprofitable business? Because they try to cultivate *too much land*. Farming when rightly managed is as profitable business as a person can pursue; but while our chief aim is to be constantly adding acre to acre of our uncultivated fields, we shall find the business poor enough.

As you pass through many of our New England counties observe how some of the farmers conduct their affairs. They seem to think their farms are hardly large enough to turn upon, unless they contain from one hundred to five hundred acres, and this they usually have scattered around in various places, so that they actually lose as much time in going from field to field, and from lot to lot, as would be required to keep ten acres under good cultivation.

However, let us watch them for a few months and see how things go on.

In the spring they plough up so much land that they cannot prepare it for planting till their neighbors are nearly ready to commence hoeing. They have manure enough for but little of their land; and therefore their crops are small and late.

Their fences are not repaired in season, and consequently their fields are covered with the flocks and herds of their neighbors. The edges of their mowing fields are covered with blackberry bushes and briars.

Their orchards are neglected until they are completely buried with dead wood, and suckers, or robed of their foliage by the caterpillars.

Now is any one at a loss to discover why such farming as this is unprofitable? Not in the least.

And yet this is precisely the way in which many farms are conducted. But perhaps you may inquire, how the evil is to be remedied? I will tell you how. Sell your land; and if you cannot sell it I will almost said give it away till you have reduced your farm to such a size that you can cultivate it properly. Plow up no more land than you have sufficient manure for, and can prepare for planting in season. Repair your fences in season to prevent your neighbors' fields from encroaching upon your fields and pastures. Remove all unnecessary trees and bushes from your fields. Set out young fruit trees, and keep them free from insects and useless rubbish; and you will find that farming is far from being an unprofitable business. [Farmer's Monthly Visitor.]

BONES.—That world renowned chemist, Liebig, says that a single pound of bone dust, contains as much phosphoric acid as one hundred pounds of wheat. From this we can easily perceive that there are bones enough wasted on every farm in the State sufficient to manure an entire wheat crop. This is many, will doubtless appear very strange, but it is nevertheless true.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS. Be brisk, energetic and prompt! The world is full of boys—and men too—who drawl through life, and never decide on anything for themselves—but just drag one leg after the other, and let things take their own way. Such people are the dull stuff of the earth. They hardly deserve as much credit as the wooden trees; for the trees all the good they can, in merely growing, and bearing leaves and seeds. But these drawing, dragging boys do not turn their capacities to profit, half as far as they might be turned; they are unprofitable, like a rainy day in harvest time. Now, the brisk, energetic boy will be constantly awake, not merely with his bodily eyes, but with his mind and attention, during the hours of business.

After he learns what he has to do, he will take pride in doing it punctually and well, and would much prefer to be told what he ought to do without telling. The drawing boy loses in five minutes the most important advice. The prompt, wide-awake boy never has to be taught, but, strike hard to make himself up to the mark, as far as possible, out of his own energies. Third rate boys are always depending upon others; but first rate boys depend upon themselves, and after a little teaching, just enough to know what is to be done, they ask no further favors of any body. Besides, it is glorious thing for a boy to get this noble way of self-reliance, activity and energy. Such a one is worth twice the value of the poor, dragging creatures, who can hardly wash their own hands without being told each time how it is to be done. Give me the boy who does his own work promptly and without asking—except once for all, in the beginning—any questions. The boy who has his wits about him, is never behindhand, and don't let the grass grow under his heels. [Farmer and Mechanic.]

GIVE IT TO 'EM COLD. A venerable mis-

sionary, who had struggled long and hard to his teachings and threatenings, at last was relieved by a young man, who had asked the elder's advice as to the course proper for him to pursue. "My son," replied he, "for ten years have I given these people the terrors of the law; I have painted the internal regions in their worst colors; but the idea has seemed to please them, and going to a warm climate was a comfort than otherwise. Now the best thing for you to do, is to give it to 'em cold—make it five or six degrees colder than it is here, and I guess you'll bring 'em. They can't resist that sir." This best text book for the aforesaid young missionary would have been Dante's *Inferno*. He gives it to 'em cold!

THE TROPHIES FROM MEXICO.—The President directed the flags, standards and colors won on many a glorious field in Mexico to be deposited in the military academy at West Point. They were sent to the seat of instruction by the secretary of war, under charge of Archibald Campbell, Esq., chief clerk in the war department.

They reached West Point on Saturday preceding the New Year, and on that festival were presented to and received with appropriate ceremonies by the officers and cadets of the academy.

Since the 1st of January, 1848, the treasurer of the national Washington monument fund at Washington, has received the sum of \$33,412.12.

At that date he had a surplus of \$960.75, which makes the total amount \$33,372.87. The expenditures during the past year have been \$3,352.03.

We deny that, in advocating the election of Zachary Taylor, we supported him as such; we never thought him such, we do not think him such now. We deny that he who elected him, was forced down their throats by the unanimous voice of the people, and they swallowed him, willy nilly, with abundance of wry faces, as babies swallow aloe and wormwood. We hoped he would show the whigs that their political sun had set forever, and our hope is not a whit lessened now.—Taylor paper.

A good toast for an agricultural dinner party: "The Plough—Its one slave in the bank of earth is worth ten in the bank of paper."

Between San Francisco and the gold region, there is one hundred miles travel by water, in sail boats, and forty by land.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand.

"I have got a feeling of what you mean, replied the boy.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, THOMAS A. DROWN, of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, by his deed of mortgag, dated November 15, 1845, conveyed to Kilbridge & Fuller, of Livermore aforesaid, a parcel of land situated in said Livermore, with the buildings thereon, which deed of mortgage is recorded with Oxford Records, Book 40, Page 543; and on the 1st day of June, 1846, he, on the 1st day of June, 1846, assigned all his interest in said mortgage to Leetards, Book 81, Page 230; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason of the nonpayment of the notes therein described, I give this notice to increase of time, agreeably to the Statute in such cases provided.

I. B. PUMPHILLY.
Turner, Jan. 10, 1848.

1. B. PUMPHILLY.
100 29 #

Freedom Notice.

THIS may certify, that I have this day, for a valuable consideration, given to me, by the Judge of Probate within, for services as County Commissioner.

1848—April 1st.—To travel from Roxbury to Mon-

mouth, to witness, hearing parties, and locat-

ing on petition of R. V. Cunison, Agent of R. B. Dunn and others, 25 miles.

Two days attendance on said petition, 20 cents.

Four Ferriages 40 cents.

April 21st.—To postage, 10c. Travel from Roxbury to New Haven, to witness, hearing parties, and locat-

ing on petition of Jacob Pearre & others, 28 miles.

Two days attendance on said petition, 20 cents.

Two days attendance on petition of John Simmon, Agent of C. 23 miles.

Two days attendance on petition of H. D. Hill, 25 miles.

Two days attendance on petition of Tidens Ells, 25 miles.

Two days attendance on petition of R. B. Dunn, 25 miles.

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